General Audiences

No Archive Warnings Apply

Gen

My Adventures with Superman (Cartoon)
Superman - All Media Types
Batman - All Media Types

Clark Kent & Bruce Wayne

Clark Kent
Bruce Wayne
Alfred Pennyworth

Fluff
Fluff and Humor
Animal Lover Clark Kent
Clark Kent Pets things that should not be pet
Bats
Superman annoys Batman into being friends
Comedy
English

Pet Bats

QuietlyRebellious

Summary:

Bruce stared at the reporter with a barely contained irritation, though his mouth twitched up a little too close to a genuine grin.

"Really Clark?"

Clark was in his pajamas. The dollar store Halloween variety of pajamas with black and orange pants scattered with candy corn, ghosts, bats, and witches. The shirt, however, had a large upside down bat emblem in white with a "let's hang out" written in orange comic sans over it.

Clark grinned at him.

"It seemed fitting."

Notes:

A little bit of an older Clark here. Honestly, I shelved a Superman/Batman comic and got Bunnies. Also a bit of a Superman annoys Batman into being friends, because that's something I wanna see in this world.

(See the end of the work for more notes (#work_endnotes) .)

Clark waited quietly in the foyer of the Wayne Manor, it was 1 am and he had spent the past five minutes staring around him in awe.

"Master Kent? Do you wish to come inside?" Alfred urged, the hint of a smile on his lips.

Clark nodded. He wished he'd brought Jimmy and Lois along, but although they knew about Bruce's *other* life, they hadn't been keen on trying to befriend him, or Bruce them. (Not that Bruce seemed keen on making friends in general.)

Then again, Jimmy and Lois *had* tracked Bruce down and broke into his house while Clark was recovering from kryptonite poisoning. (Bruce had been in the area, investigating Clark, Clark had been investigating a rather excited geologist's 'cool new rock'. Neither had gone well, and Flip had been there just in time to call Lois and Jimmy to tell them she'd seen Batman kidnap Superman. Things had spiraled from there fast enough General Lane got involved.)

Batman hadn't taken it well. Not that Clark could blame him, Lois was almost as skilled in hand to hand combat as Batman, and an angry Lois would make even General Zod retreat, and Jimmy had faced down giant robots with nothing but a little sliver of kryptonite. The Bat hadn't exactly been friendly to Clark either, but they *had* managed to forge a tenuous partnership for the "benefit of the greater good.".

But Batman was lonely, Clark could sense it strongly enough it sent him reeling.

And so Clark was here. An overnight under the guise of looking for any remaining traces of Brainiac, but he'd brought all the movies Lois and Jimmy recommended, and a few of his favorite buddy comedies.

"He is on the way home." Alfred reappeared beside him with a plate full of cookies. "Feel free to make yourself comfortable."

"Thanks." Clark nodded. Alfred held the tray towards him with his eyebrows raised.

"Oh! Thanks." Clark took a cookie and held on to it awkwardly. "I think I'll get changed."

"That is a wise idea." Alfred smirked. "Superman in the manor may raise a few questions."

Clark crunched the cooke as politely as he could and ventured into one of the guest rooms to change. He could hear the distinctive whine of the Batmobile's engines getting closer.

"Master Kent, Master Bruce has requested your presence in the Batcave." Alfred said outside the door, but he was gone by the time Clark poked his head out. Still he made his way to the secret basement and waited on the stairway until Bruce pulled in. He didn't want to pry or rather, be accused of prying. Batman was a porcupine, after all— barbed spikes shielding a soft body, antibiotics in his blood in case he got stabbed on his own spines. And while Clark had been in the Batcave before, he hadn't exactly been lucid.

Bruce stared at the reporter with a barely contained irritation, though his mouth twitched up a little too close to a genuine grin.

"Really Clark?"

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Clark grinned at him.

"It seemed fitting."

Batman stared at him, and Clark just kept smiling. The fronty kind of smile, which disappeared for a moment as one of the cave's other inhabitants squeaked above them.

"You have pet bats?" Clark zipped up to eye level with the little creatures, on hand instinctively reached out, but he stopped and looked down, "Can I pet the bats?"

Bruce stared at him, blinking in the face of what must be the most intense puppy stare he had ever seen in his entire life. "Sure. Have at it."

And he turned back to the console to run another analysis.

"Hey—" Bruce spun around with another question for his strange guest, which was utterly derailed by the sight of Clark surrounded by bats. They were climbing him, hanging onto his suit, some of them vied for a place in his palm to be pet, or peeked out from over his shoulder, and it looked like Clark was having the time of his life.

"Is for horses," Clark smirked, he hummed happily as a bat scuttled down the little fluff of hair that dangled between his eyes no matter how hard he tried to gel it back and he went cross-eyed to look at it.

"Do you have animal magnetism too?" It wasn't the question Bruce wanted to ask, but it was *a* question.

"Most creatures like being pet, don't they?" Clark paused his affections, and a bat grabbed his thumb in protest. He looked too innocent and too earnest to inform that no, most creatures preferred to run away and the only reason these bats didn't was because he had spent a considerable amount of time catching, slightly taming and vaccinating every single bat in the Gotham area because the last thing he needed in this damn city was a rabies outbreak.

Bruce just stared. Clark squirmed a little. The thumb bat started rubbing it's head on his fingers like a damn cat.

"I mean yeah no, I wouldn't pet a bear unless it came over and said hi, but the best part about hiking is getting to pet all the birds and deer, right? Deer are wonderfully soft."

"And they just come up to you?"

“Well, yeah?”

“And you don’t have *any* sort of animal magnetism.”

“Well, no.”

Bruce gave him his most incredulous stare, but Clark was too busy tickling one of his *little passenger’s* chins the way a normal person might a baby or a particularly cute cat. He even told it how *utterly adorable* it was in a tone Bruce could only describe as *gooey.*

Bruce sighed, pulled up Clark’s file and began to type.

Notes:

Written 11/5/2023—5/19/2024

I very much hope that MAWS continues the tradition of letting Clark pet beings that really should not be pet.That said. DO NOT PET WILD DEER. They could actually kill you. You *can* train birds to land on you with some patience and plenty of food though. (Winter helps too)

As an aside I still have like 16 one shot WIPs and 2 longer fic WIPs, but this is the last of the short 60-90% done ones. So I will finally slow the heckie down. Also next story is #50 for MAWS, so I’m doing a mid-length fic for that, which I’ve been working on since September.

Anyhow! Be safe and stay hydrated, thanks for reading, and thanks for sticking with me for this 3 day writing marathon!

May 29, 2025 edit: This is not related to anything here and I promise it’s not gonna be something I do often (Only when it really, really counts) But I will be editing all end notes to include this just in case it will help, but the American NWS is doing a 100 hour livestream to save their science. I’ve had them playing in the background, I just turn the sound off when I am working (I love science and I get sucked in). I don’t really know how the algorithm works, but I figure anything will help. The link is here: https://www.youtube.com/@wclivestream/streams

Close (#)